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DARTMOUTH LITERARY

MONTHLY

BY THE
STUDENTS



L.B.I.



THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1889.

JOHN KEATS, ...	<i>William D. Baker.</i>	261
TOWLE—A Fantásie, ...	<i>C. F. Robinson.</i>	265
TO THE FATES, ...	<i>C. G. E.</i>	269
AGAMENTICUS, ...	<i>X.</i>	269
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW, ...	<i>O. S. Warden.</i>	273
HYMN TO THE VIRGIN, ...		276
THE CHAIR, ...		277
THE MAIL BAG, ...		280
BY THE WAY, ...		283
THISTLE-DOWN, ...		287
CRAYON BLEU, ...		288
EXCHANGES, ...		292
ALUMNI NOTES, ...		295

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

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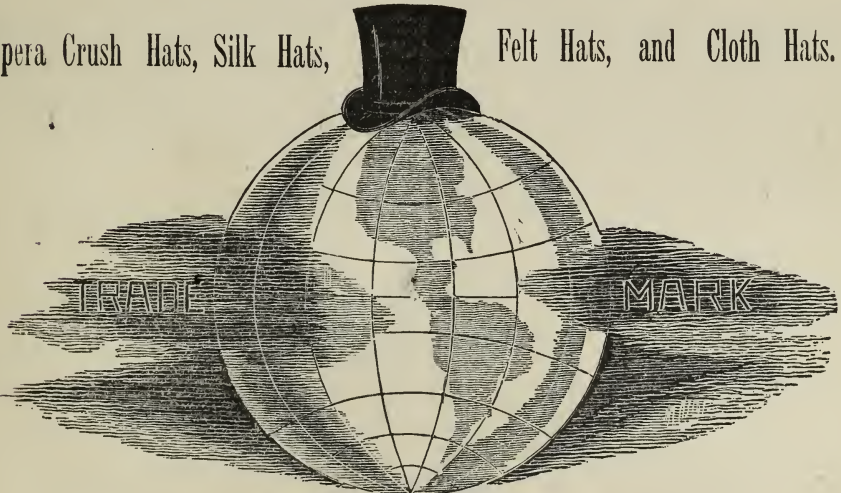
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APRIL, 1889.

No. 7.

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JOHN KEATS.

The never ending struggle of our literature to free itself from a false classicism, the revolt of nature against a false art, the slow growth of the nineteenth out of the ashes of the eighteenth century, are summed up in these words—from Pope to Keats.

Alexander Pope bound English verse with a ten-linked chain, the merit of which was in its exquisite polish and in the charming tinkling of its ends. Like every one of importance in his time, he was a politician. He used literature as a whip, or as a text-book of a half-false philosophy. His translations are but wooden things compared with the faultless beauty of their originals.

Such was the poetry of which Pope was the exponent,—perfect in form and color as a flower of glass, and as dead. It was this inanimate symbol that, at the word of Keats and Wordsworth and Shelley, was to burst into the sudden bloom and beauty of life. This was their task, and this, too, their miracle.

Born of humble parents, receiving an ordinary education, John Keats at seventeen stumbled upon the poet Spenser. At twenty-three he had finished *Endymion*; at twenty-five *Lamia* was done; and at twenty-six, with no public recognition as a poet, alone in the world except for a single friend who soothed his last hours, he lay down in a foreign land to die. This is the pitifully brief story

of his life as men saw it; but his name has grown green and blossomed, and to-day it is loved wherever the English language is spoken, the world around.

Keats struck the key-note of all his poetry in the first line of *Endymion*,—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." From his first enraptured reading of his beloved Spenser until the day of his death, truth and beauty, to his far-seeing eyes the same, were his sole and high ambition, his life-passion; and in the early development of his genius, this trait showed itself in a marked characteristic of his verse—its sensuousness.

Critics love to point out one great possession of our Elizabethan literature,—its richness, its overflowing vitality. A sentence of Shakspeare flashes like a jewel of many facets—with metaphors, allusions, adjectives that strike at the very soul of things. A lesser man makes a poem from one of his single, piercing substantives. Keats, especially in possession of this gift, was an Elizabethan born out of time. Add to the exquisitely sensitive soul of the man this fulness of life, this sheer extravagance of spiritual wealth, and you have explained his so called sensuousness. What is this sensuousness? Before all, it has nothing sensual about it. To the readers of Pope, any approach to the passion, the crying out of life, might seem sensuous. Keats's personifications and direct approaches to nature—the one never-failing beauty of *Endymion*—have borne this charge. Witness, in his later work, that lovely figure of Autumn,—

"—sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours."

But this great interpreter of nature died at twenty-six. The fire of a powerful, even a riotous, imagination was burning within him. The love that was to make his life a stormy one was not raging yet, but, though hidden, must show itself in his verse. It is not

strange that he should cry out as he did, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!"

Keats has been called a Greek,—and it is true that the Grecian mythology possessed a wonderful charm for him; but it seems to me that he is most deeply and truly English in spirit, and that his Hellenism is transparent and superficial. He had never studied the Greek language, and his knowledge was gained from the dictionaries of mythology rather than from an acquaintance with the tongue itself. This much is true, that the themes of his longer poems are taken from the customs or legends of Greece, and that in his love for pure beauty he resembled the great poets of that country; but here the likeness ends. The central idea of Hellenic poetry, the eternal struggle of man against fate, except as a scholar's exercise, cannot be transferred into a modern Christian literature. Again: His treatment of the myths which he used was not Grecian; and, indeed, at this point we find a great failure. Unity, perfection of general form rather than of detail, we find neither in *Endymion* nor *Hyperion*. "*Endymion*," says Mr. Palgrave, "is an almost pathless intricacy of story, a Paradise without a plan." The poet was young. His life work was finished before the age at which Shakspeare began his; yet in his later and shorter work—in *Lamia*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, the *Odes*—we find an astonishing growth in this respect. They are organic wholes. Detail, though as beautiful as ever, is subordinated to unity.

This lavishness, almost wastefulness, of rich detail, removes Keats still farther from the severity of style and substance of the Greeks; and, in so far as this depends upon nature, it seems to me to be a distinguishing work of the poetry of this century.

In the old mythology, nature was personified. As time went on, these conceptions were outgrown: nature was forgotten in these very symbols of herself: and then came the days of *Jove* and *Pallas*, of the fauns and satyrs. As an inspiration, as a part of the beauty and truth of things, nature was lost, or, when recognized, was altogether subordinated to human interest. It was the endeavor to transplant this shoot from the tree of classicism into our nineteenth century soil that makes the poetry of the school of Pope seem so

insincere and hollow. But our affection for the universal mother is eternal; and it is the glory of Keats and Wordsworth, that, with a love for her no less intense, with an insight into her open secrets no less profound than that of the Greeks, they felt the spirit of their times and gave us a truer message. Did Aurora speak to them less eloquently? Did Selene, the pale one, fill them less with passion and longing? No; but, throwing away a worn out sign-language, they spoke to Nature face to face. In a glance, see the religion, the science, and the poetry of the age!

The supreme art, the last divine touch in Keats, is found in what the Greeks would have called his simplicity. He needs no rhetoric, no coloring. He feels the spirit of Nature or the thrill of an emotion, and, even while he is speaking, *we* feel it. He speaks directly from his imagination to our own. It is as if no words were there, but only ideas,—“as if Nature herself took his pen from him and wrote for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power.” This has been urged as a proof of Keats’s Hellenism; but the passage quoted is from Matthew Arnold’s estimate of Wordsworth, who was far from being a Greek. This power is not the possession of any single age. It is rather the last and highest gift of the inspired poet of all time.

“Nature,” says Mr. Everett, in “Poetry, Comedy, and Duty,” “is unmoral.” In its lower grades self-seeking, even what in man would be selfishness and cruelty is the inevitable law. And he asserts that this is a reason for its charm over us. Bound as we are by ideas of right and wrong, of life that evil makes a conflict, a search into the hidden depths of nature, with its irresponsibility, with its life that is its only law, brings us a sense of peace, of refreshing, of joy without a rude awakening. It is a foretaste of a life without sin. It seems to me that this idea, one-sided and only a part of the truth as it is, sheds a light over the highest success and the greatest limitation of Keats. “In his interpretation of nature,” again says Mr. Arnold, “he is with Shakspeare.” It is the spirit of Nature herself that is revealed in his magic pages. In a very literal sense he was her child—a part of her own essence; but this brought its penalty. That loftiest task of a poet, the re-

vealing of the beauty of human nature, of life, is inseparable from moral ideas. Here is responsibility; here is life bound by eternal right and wrong; here is penalty. Except in his last poems, Keats had not grown to this height. What time might have brought to him we have only these few promises to shadow forth.

But it is in these loveliest of all his works that we learn to do more than admire the man—to love him. How willingly and irresistibly we are drawn toward him! Read and wonder over “The Eve of St. Agnes;” read and weep with Isabella; forget all else, and dream over those matchless odes, “To a Grecian Urn” and “To a Nightingale;” and at last, as he is on his way to Rome, tortured by love and by that disease which was eating out his life, friendless and homeless, at last to die, read that patient yet heart-broken wail, the “Sonnet to a Star,” and love John Keats.

William D. Baker.

TOWLE—A FANTASIE.

“Towle!” No response. It was the first recitation of Freshman year, and the sharp-eyed tutor scanned the room with a look of pleasant curiosity. Day after day the summons rang out “Towle!” and no one responded. Finally we heard no more in that division, but in other recitations the professors were all calling “Towle!” At the beginning of each new subject they would call the name for a day or two, and then, finding that they met with no response, would cease.

I fell to wondering what kind of a fellow Towle was. It was quite a common thing for men to take their examinations and not join the class till late in the fall, and I was constantly expecting to see him with us. Was he one of the pale, thoughtful kind, or a brawny athlete, bound to win many victories for our class, which was already showing such great prowess? Could he conjugate a Greek verb without a trip? or was he one of those slow, blundering men who take so long to recite, and yet often stand so high as royal good fellows? I did not usually pay much attention to

the progress of a recitation in those days. I would rather spend my time in observation and revery. And being naturally inclined to fancy, the idea of Towle's personality came upon me very forcibly. I would have him a fair, slight youth, with the most limpid of blue eyes, and brown hair with just the slightest suggestion of a curl in it. He would be courteous and gentlemanly, but retiring. His friendship, once formed, would be firm till death. I almost imagined myself walking with him in the glorious autumn twilight, and talking gaily of trivial matters. Deep in my heart I could feel the peace and contentment of true friendship; for he would be a friend to me. Of course our own ideals should be pleasing to us, and, conversely, we pleasing to them. And then, of course, that unoccupied room just back of mine would be the one he would have. It looked just like the room for him. Retiring, and lighted from the north, it would be a fitting place for a close student, as he would certainly be. Such a cosy place would be the corner near the stove on a winter's night! I imagined how we would sit and chat by a cheerful fire, while the cold wind howled around the eaves.

* * * * *

Week after week went on. It was the first day of Sophomore year. I had completely forgotten my reveries about my imaginary friend, when, as we commenced a subject under a new professor, I heard him call the familiar name "Towle!" Those days were very busy, what with foot-ball rushes and other peculiar Sophomoric pursuits. I had moved to a new room, and, curiously enough, it in turn had a vacant room beside it; and, still more curiously, this seemed just the room for my ideal of Towle. It was small and cosy, and I often visited it for its fine view over the Campus. All bare as it was, with a few disabled articles of furniture arranged around it, that room always possessed to me a peculiar personality, such as we often experience when we enter an apartment occupied by one we know well. Even the chairs, the old desk, and the broken-down stove seemed to be articles of unusual modesty and virtue. In short, that room represented to me—Towle.

How peculiar are our half waking moments! We think thoughts absurd and sublime in the same instant; often lofty sounding words

float through our minds, unaccompanied by thought of their sense or nonsense. It seems as if some of the faculties of the mind are more slow to awake than others, and leave their earlier arising companions to run riot in their absence. The mind works like a machine without a fly-wheel, now fast, now slow, and now absolutely stopped over some unforeseen obstruction. I was in such a state one morning, inwardly debating the advisability of cutting chapel, when I heard a clear, cheery voice, apparently coming from the very air of my room. "Hullo, old fellow!" it said; "you'll have to wait till I materialize. I've just been promoted for good behavior, and now have the great honor of materialization at certain times. We ghosts have our honors and relative standings as well as you poor mortals." "Who are you?" I asked, in a very composed manner, such as we often show when we scarcely know what we are doing. "I? Why, I'm Towle's ghost," he replied. "Didn't you know me? Why, I've been having the pleasantest times with you for the last year. Now you can see me and talk with me, thanks to my promotion." I now began to see a misty shape, with all the accompaniments of an ordinary ghost—death's head and all. I started, and shrank back in terror. Then I thought how it would hurt the feelings of the poor fellow if I showed the least repugnance,—so I commenced to engage him in conversation, asking him about affairs in Ghostdom, and about their general customs. I could not tell him anything strange, because he had been from the first a member of our class, and had attended all the recitations strictly. I remarked to him that I had often noticed vacant seats in the rooms where we happened to be; and he replied that he invariably occupied one of them. He lamented his inability to recite, and said that the only trouble now would be the difficulty of making his hours of materialization coincide with the hours of recitation. Those hours usually came in the night, and—I jumped from my bed and rubbed my eyes to the sound of the chapel bell. No ghost was to be seen.

That day I happened to stroll into the vacant room to watch a particularly interesting game of tennis that was going on. Lying on the battered table was a local paper of the year before, wrinkled

by exposure to moisture, and coated with dust. I picked it up at random, and, guided by some mysterious influence, my eye fell on the following notice :

Died in Weston, August 27, Benjamin I. Towle, aged 18 years, 2 months. He was a graduate of Weston academy, and had taken his entrance examinations to Stonehenge University. All his acquaintances mourn sincerely a youth of great promise.

So there was a Towle, and he had intended to come to this very university—in fact, had been here to take his examinations. How hard it was for him to die and give up the brilliant future that he doubtless anticipated ! What wonder if his gentle spirit did inhabit the scenes of his anticipated honors !

* * * * *

We were half through Junior year. Our annual banquet had been held the night before. Yet through it all ran an undercurrent of sorrow, for our class had just lost by death one of its brightest members, loved and admired by us all. At such times the spiritual world seems nearer to us, as our thoughts are drawn upward by thoughts of dear friends who perhaps already know the secrets that are hidden from our eyes. I sat in the Latin recitation, thinking of this. I was tired after the banquet, and leaned my head into a friendly corner. By degrees there dawned upon my eyes the figure of my friend Towle, seated just a few settees in front of me. He gazed upon a book in rapt attention, now and then scanning the venerable professor with a look of reverence, as one whose spirit so kind and gentle was far above him. Evidently I was the only one who saw the apparition. At last his hour of materialization coincided with the recitation. The professor was deeply engaged in some philosophical question raised by the passage, but soon he looked up to call my name. I arose and recited. Then I sat down. "Towle!" was the next name called. The cold gray eyes of the instructor glanced around the room, and—he called another name. I saw Towle no more ; nor was his name called again during our course. But I have no doubt he graduated with our class, and now holds a high position in Ghostdom.

C. F. Robinson.

TO THE FATES.

When the sun's warm tints are glowing,
 O'er the fields their splendor throwing,—
 When the world awakes to song,
 And the day is never long,—
 Hold the distaff firmly then!
 Clotho, guard the weal of men!

When the fibres fast are flying,
 Forming knots there's no untying;
 In the surging noon-day life
 On the broad, sweet field of strife,—
 Fair Lachesis, strengthen me!
 Let thy spinning careful be!

When the shadows, darkly lying,
 Tell that day and song are dying;
 In December's snowy swoon,
 While I build as I have hewn,—
 Atropos, when joy has fled,
 Haste to cut the weakened thread!

C. G. E.

AGAMENTICUS.

As one approaches the coast of Maine from the sea, the first glimpse of land which he catches is the full, blue outline of a mountain, rising gracefully, as it were, out of the very waves. As he comes nearer, however, the picturesque line of the coast, stretching away in either direction, becomes visible, and the mountain, gradually receding into the interior, stands forth, a majestic but kindly form, giving character and reputation to all the surrounding country, even as it once did a name.

How many have been the sailors who, returning from a long, rough voyage, or rejoicing in a quick and prosperous passage, have blessed from their inmost souls that protecting, benevolent figure,—the sign to them that at last their troubles were at an end, or the sweet assurance of continued prosperity! And by the inhabitants of the land for miles around, its stately and inspiring

form is almost equally beloved and revered. Indeed, ever since the time that Sebastian Cabot first explored the coast in 1498, Agamenticus has had no lack of devoted friends and admirers, both on land and sea.

Afterwards there came other explorers, who were all attracted by the beauty of the landscape and the air of friendliness which the mountain and the country around seemed to wear. At length a colony was founded between the mountain and the sea, and the kindly form rising above it seemed to offer it protection from all the evils that attend the settlers of a new country. Under this hospitable shelter the place grew and prospered; was named for the mountain, "Agamenticus;" and did in truth seem to enjoy a remarkable freedom from attacks by the Indians and other serious calamities. But, at length, owing to its location on the coast, it came to be infested with smugglers, pirates, and outcasts of every nation. They established a place of meeting on the outskirts of the village, in a building called the "Round Barn." Here, led by a desperado called "King Charles," they held carousals of the worst description, especially Sundays, with the most awful blasphemies and mockeries of all that is good and holy. The honest people began to despair, and to believe that the good fortune that had always attended the place had now deserted it. But not so. At this crisis there appeared a man of the most noble character, fearless and determined, as pastor of the Agamenticus church.

Parson Moody was just the man for the place. Deeply settled in his convictions, tireless in carrying them out, whole-souled, generous, and free to acknowledge his own faults, he could not fail to reach the people with whom he had to do. None of his hearers were allowed to sleep in church. All had to listen to what he had to say. On one occasion, when he discovered a sleeper among his congregation, he stopped suddenly and cried "Fire!" at the top of his voice. "Where?" inquired the dreamer, starting up. "In hell—for sleepers!" was the reply.

But even this strong-minded man was at times deeply discouraged by the task he had undertaken; and at such times he would retire upon the mountain, commune with God and nature, and

obtain strength for his coming duties. Then he would return, with soul uplifted and strengthened, to enter anew upon his mighty warfare. In this way the old mountain still remained faithful in the watch over the people given into its protection, and, at length, by its aid the good old parson overcame the enemy. "King Charles" himself was converted, the carousals were broken up, and the "Round Barn" was turned into a meeting-house.

But one day trouble came upon Parson Moody and his family. His only son was a promising lad, beloved by everybody in the little village. This boy had a most intimate friend—a son of Abram and Sarah Preble, two of the parson's best parishioners. They seemed to sympathize thoroughly with each other in every way; were always together, and formed plans how they would go to college, study, and become ministers together. One day, however, as they were out in a boat, by the accidental discharge of a gun the parson's boy shot young Preble dead, and his body was lost overboard into the waves. Filled with the most awful grief and remorse for this deed, he hastened away, would show himself to nobody, and at last mysteriously disappeared. But even in these trying circumstances the mountain did not desert its friends. The boy wandered thither, led by some impulse, and in this solitary and soul-inspiring spot his thoughts were turned away from himself to the Father above who watches over all. Here, soothed by the mountain's grand but gentle influence, he was found praying, and his reason saved. As it was, he never could entirely recover from the shock,—and when, years after, he lost the beautiful wife he had but lately married, his reason almost gave way a second time. Again he repaired to the mountain and prayed, and again obtained relief. From this time on, however, he shunned society, and utterly refused ever to show his countenance to the world again. For this purpose he ever after wore a handkerchief tied over his face, and was thenceforth known as "Handkerchief Moody."

He gave up all thoughts of becoming a minister at this time, although already fitted for that profession. His father, however, had his heart set upon his son's entering this work, and determined

to prevent him from wasting his life in useless mourning. Accordingly one Sunday morning he prevailed upon him to go into the Agamenticus pulpit and lead the services until he himself should come and deliver the sermon. But the time passed, and Parson Moody came not. So, at last, the opening services being finished, the young man was obliged to deliver an extemporaneous sermon. This he did, with such tenderness and manly eloquence that the people immediately urged him to become pastor of the new church, whose place of meeting was to be the old "Round Barn." He finally accepted, and thereafter led a useful and successful life. But he always persisted in keeping his countenance veiled, except in prayer.

Many years afterwards the old church still stood, and across the road was the cemetery, containing many quaint inscriptions, such as the following, which is over the grave of an infant daughter of Parson Moody :

RESURRECTION
TO
IMMORTALITY AND SPOTLESS BEAUTY
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PERFECTIONS
AFTER THE FASHION OF CHRIST'S
GLORIOUS BODY, IS EXPECTED
FOR THE SUB-ADJACENT DUST
OF
LUCY MOODY
WHO WAS BORN AND DIED THE
5 DAY OF JULY 1703
THUS,
BIRTH, ESPOUSALS TO CHRIST,
DEATH, CORONATION,
ALL IN ONE DAY MAY HAVE THEIR
CONSUMMATION.

It was such a romantic spot as is dear to the hearts of authors, many of whom have written about it. Its original name furnishes the title of a most entertaining little volume by E. P. Tenney, in

which are collected many of the old legends which attach to the place. Its quaint characters and suggestive surroundings have formed the material for many a beautiful description or story from the pen of so well known an authoress as Sarah Orne Jewett. And even the great Hawthorne made use of the story of "Handkerchief" Moody as a foundation for one of his "Twice told Tales,"—"The Minister's Black Veil."

But, alas! so perfect a retreat could not endure forever. The industry of these later days has at last overcome even the mountain's untiring watchfulness. A railroad has pushed its way into the town, and ere long the historic settlement will be only one more added to the list of our busy New England villages. But, as we sadly lift our eyes, behold, there in the back-ground still towers the old mountain, grand and beautiful as ever, reminding us that it, at least, will never change, and that it will still continue its fatherly protection over all the adjacent country. May a kind Heaven bless and prosper thee, dear old Agamenticus!

X.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

How rarely is human nature content! Morning may find us in the borderland, but the day duty forbids an entrance, and evening clouds the way. In March we look for April showers, in April for sunny May, and bright days of the changing year are away while we look from the window with peevish fretting. Spring in April is the outline of the perfect vernal picture; but there are beauties of contour as of shaded finish. April, with her laughing and frowning, does not bring an offering to your door like May, for the last frosty shackle of winter is not yet broken. Still nature is astir, and life is mounting up through each branch and tendril. It is time to put away that pale face with the snow;—delay, and she will have her year task well under way before you.

Spring is waiting just outside your gate to greet you. Do not wait until afternoon before you take your walk among the hills,—for if you do, you will come too late for the feast, and find but

scattered crumbs of nature's banquet. The table is set in morning's candle-light, the rising sun grants a blessing, and the bounties are dispensed with the music of many an early songster. The afternoon is as the dim twilight compared with the fresh morning air of an April day. You will never catch cold in the morning. I have sometimes wondered if there are two kinds of dew,—one for morning, and another for evening,—or what the magic change in the night hours.

The April sun shines more golden than that of May, the sky is bluer, the air is fresher, and bears good cheer for a weary head and heart. One always remembers such walks. Nature is as ready a teacher in April as when summer has come with fairest flowers, but she requires a more attentive pupil. The mind is more active than in the warmer days to come.

Such a ramble called me from my study a few days ago. Wandering from my door before sunrise, I went "across lots," and, falling in with a welcome wood-road, pushed away up the hill. A few squirrels are out, whose winter stock of food has failed. They look at me suspiciously, as though thinking that I too were in search of an acorn under the snow. A flock of black-birds, with their sleek coats and yellow bills, flit about, and, alighting on a nearer tree, seem to be confiding mighty secrets. I see, also, the thicket-loving bluebirds, the cheerful song-sparrow, and a gold-finch with prettier plumage but less merry song. Many other feathered folk I see, and wish I knew more about them.

There was rain in the night, and large drops still hang to the catkins, mulleins, and yellow fringes of the witch-hazel. In each the sunlight paints the eternal promise to men. The little brook, which murmurs so low in the summer, glad that winter's sleep is over, is in a hurry, as if it were behind time in its task and must away. A sorry looking fern pushes up through a rock crevice, not expecting to grow much until the frost has made the rock into soil.

The morning air is misty, but there are sounds of summer. The low horizon-clinging clouds seem to be gently touching the hemlock tops, as if to awaken them from their winter rest. Below in the valley's shadow the lake has not yet felt the warm rays; and

beyond, the eye finds a pinnacle yet purely white—a last monument of winter and cold. The only green thing is the grass along the brook's edge; yet now you can study nature's mechanism,—how she puts together the strong birch and maple, the bending willow, the uncouth hazel, and the wild vine clad in crystals of ice, still clinging with tender love to rock and barren oak.

In her giving of sweetness, we of the North have a goodly share. The sugar-houses among our hills afford a curious study in design, no two alike, even to a resemblance. I stumbled upon one that was an old dwelling-house, put among the hills by an early settler. There was the typical old orchard, long untrimmed, and a portion of last year's fruit still hanging from the scraggly branches. There were traces of the old garden in an immense stone wall, a few dry caraway stalks, beds of tansy and peppermint, and a bunch of live-for-ever in the corner. One solitary sash in the chamber window, but the glass was broken a century ago. The inside was like any other sugar-house.

I stand in the door again, after fully enjoying the bounty within, and see the patient oxen toiling in from the daily gathering. A chilly gust of wind meets me in its hurrying among the hills, sounding like a last dirge of winter. A few March clouds sweep across the sky. The birds are frightened, that heaven, which smiled so brightly at morning, should thus frown at noon.

I go home glad and thoughtful. I have seen nothing strange, but I feel the humanity of nature's sights and sounds. These spring promises are as pleasant as those of friends. The youth time of the year bespeaks the eternity of summer. Study these signs from the heart of nature, and you will see things in their eternal relation. Where reason fails, nature will teach. When the mind seeks in vain, the soul may see truth. A ray of light divine may come, which weary thought has sought in darkness. God's handiwork is most perfect where man comes least, and evil leaves the heart that nature teaches. The perversity of human nature melts away in the glow of quiet emotion, and you are joyful in the presence of pure creation. The eternal soul meets eternal love, and life is new.

O. S. Warden.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

[ADAPTED FROM THE RELIQUIAE ANTIQUAE BY F. P. E.]

To one who is so fair and bright,
 velut maris stella,
 Brighter than the day is light,
 parens et puella;
 I cry to thee, Look thou on me,
 Lady, pray thy Son for me,
 tam pia,
 That I at last may come to thee,
 Maria.

This whole world was all forlorn,
 Eva peccatrice,
 Till our Lord to it was born
 de te genitrice.
 With His coming went away
 The dark night, and came the day,
 salutis;
 His warning call we must obey
 virtutis.

Lady, flower of everything,
 rosa sine spina,
 Who borest Jesus, Heaven's King,
 gratia divina;
 Of all our love thou bear'st the prize,
 Lady, queen of paradise!
 electa;
 Maiden mild, a mother art
 effecta.

Of all advisers thou art best,
 felix faecundata,
 For all the weary thou has rest,
 Mater honorata.
 Beseech Him with an earnest prayer,
 That for us all His blood shed there
 in cruce;
 That we above may meet with Him
 in luce.

Well He knows He is thy child,
 ventre quem portasti,
 He'll not refuse His mother mild,
 parvum quem lactasti;
 Most surely will He grant thee this,
 Who has brought us to His bliss,
 superni,
 And has forever closed the pit
 infern.

THE CHAIR.

College discipline to-day involves some questions of circumstance and development which almost baffle decision. Whether a college student shall be considered a school-boy and subject to stringent rules, or a man and free to do as he pleases, are questions which do not admit of easy solution. More difficult still are differences which arise in a compromise, varying more or less toward either extreme. Many men, however, in these later days, seem to enter college and govern their action more by what may be their own idea of discipline, than in view of actual college rules. They seem to lose sight of the fact that a requirement is void unless obeyed, and expect to break rules without punishment. When a matter of discipline comes up, we very naturally allow personal feeling to enter, and look at the case from any but a college stand-point. A student disobeys, and the penalty comes. We feel a friendly sympathy,—and no manlier quality exists among us,—but we ought not to expect a faculty, whose duty it is to preserve the dignity of college law, to entertain the same sympathy as a class-mate; nor yet, if such a feeling does exist, to exercise it in the defeat of proper penalty for offence. Our sympathy should be tempered by manliness,—and by manliness we mean, not so much a dogged courage to do or not to do, as a thoughtful judgment in considering college matters. The government of any institution must involve mistakes, but the great trouble seems to be that a spirit exists which refuses to give credit where credit is due, and a tendency to resist all attempts at control as an encroachment upon personal rights. When the student learns to accept just penalty, there will be fewer cases of wrong, and more chance of adjustment when it arises. Doubtless we have many demands yet to make, and these are days of change, but we shall gain little by hostility to proper restraint or control.

When we wrote our last editorial to you, '91, urging you to show more spirit in competition, we thought to say no more. But circumstances alter cases. You have not seemed to become awakened from your inaction, or else there is a lack of interest among you for literary work. There will be three vacant places at the end of this year which belong to you, but these places cannot be filled unless three men show us that they are competent to do the work. We would not assume a dictatorial attitude, but simply point out the fact plainly that the positions are yours, but that they cannot be filled unless fair competition merits a choice. The time is not long before May 20, and we wish it might be improved. As many editors, not exceeding three, will be chosen at that time as have shown themselves worthy. Articles to be published in any number must be in our hands as early as the 20th of the previous month.

No one interested in our ball team, and who has followed their training from day to day through the winter, can have failed to mark a regularity of work which has not characterized previous years. Whether this is due to the new cage, or to some other reason, it certainly deserves praise. Beginning before the 1st of February, almost every man has been in daily attendance for two hours' practice. Whatever be the result of the championship season, such work deserves liberal support at the hands of every man who can see his way clear to give. A college should always attach its approval to hard work rather than to results. The faithfulness of the former is almost absolute surety for the latter. If the good work in the cage is followed by faithful campus practice, we need not fear.

A few days ago our attention was called to the fact that several of the singing-books in the senior chapel seats were already showing signs of wear, and in several the bindings were broken. As they have only been in use two years this seems hardly necessary. Why there appears an innate desire in some men, who are careful

enough of their own belongings, carelessly to treat college property, is a question difficult to answer, except through a certain perversity of human nature, or a tendency to improper exercise of will power. Nearly every student shows the building proper respect, which makes the exception more noticeable and blamable.

It is a pleasure to the board to announce the election of C. A. Perkins, '90, as assistant business manager for the remainder of this year, and business manager of next year's "LIT." The change in time of election is made on account of the almost absolute necessity of experience for the successful management of a college journal.

As the end of the college year approaches, we call attention again to the Baker prize of \$100 for the best Dartmouth song, open to students and alumni. This, as you will remember, was not awarded last year, through lack of competition. Such a thing should not happen again. The time of award is Commencement week.

The next "LIT." lecture will be given Tuesday evening, April 23, by Dr. John Ordronaux, LL. D., Class of '50, Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in Boston University, Columbia, and Dartmouth. His subject will be,—“Corporations as the Great Commercial Force in Modern Times.”

THE MAIL-BAG.

Students and Alumni are earnestly requested to contribute to this department letters bearing upon the interests and welfare of the college. The restriction holds good, however, that the editors do not necessarily endorse all views herein expressed.

Editors of the Dartmouth Literary Monthly:

Why should the college church be sectarian? However startling this query may seem to the alumni and students of Dartmouth, it is a question which presses for an answer. Nor is it easy to give a satisfactory reason for the continuance of religious sectarianism here. Nothing in the charter of the college indicates that it was intended to be sectarian. It has become so in spite of the charter, and not because of any of its provisions. Owing to the fact that the dominant sect in New Hampshire was orthodox at the time when the college was adolescent, the orthodox faith became the college faith. At that time the students were nearly all residents of New Hampshire, and it was not inappropriate nor surprising that the state college should be distinctively of the state faith.

In the process of time the drift of religious thought has materially changed. The Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, and Episcopalians are now numerous and powerful sects, and young men of all these different denominations go up to Hanover for a liberal education. But they find there no change corresponding to that which has taken place in the state during the past century. The same unchangeable doctrines are preached on every Sunday of every year. Changes there have been, and many, in the manner of teaching the classics, in mathematics, and in the other sciences. The tutors and professors of fifty years since would make sorry figures in this year of grace, so well has the scholastic side of the college kept pace with the advance in the world's thought. But in the college pulpit everything is as of yore.

The natural result is to make the intelligent student, of whatever faith, dissatisfied with his college. He is told that he must prove everything in the line of his secular studies by the rule of modern thought, and is urged to benefit by the many discoveries made in the past. He must carefully compare the various hypotheses put forward by one and another school of scientists, thus becoming familiar with the distinctive traits of each system. By weighing the arguments for and against them, he is far better able to appreciate ultimate results. His college course is eclectic, and tends to make him an independent thinker on scientific subjects. Why should not similar advantages be given him in religion? Why should he be led along the same path that his grandfather trod,—a path walled in by insurmountable barriers? Why should not the light of modern biblical exegesis be thrown upon him? Why should the religious instruction given him upon the first day of the week be less comprehensive than the secular instruction afforded him in the other six days? Most of our colleges are like Dartmouth, undeniably sectarian. Whatever the dominating faith, the same rule of exclusion obtains. Only one kind of religion is given a hearing in the college pulpit.

Thus the student finds himself at the end of his four years course a one-sided man, a provincial of the provincials, so far as knowledge of other faiths, or ability to combat them, is concerned. How much better to have had his faith fortified by knowledge, by comparison with other faiths, by conflict and argument!

The native population of New Hampshire is steadily growing less from year to year,—so that the college must needs depend more and more upon other states to furnish it with students. Many of the graduates of the college, natives of this state, following the illustrious example of its greatest son, have found New Hampshire a good state to emigrate from, and Dartmouth graduates are scattered over the whole country, while Dartmouth alumni associations exist in most of the great cities of the Union.

In these days of many colleges, when each month chronicles the endowment of some new university, it is highly important to the welfare of old Dartmouth that her alumni should be kept loyal

to their *Alma Mater*. Many of them belong to other sects than that whose tenets hold sway in the college pulpit; and a widespread feeling undoubtedly exists that the theology of our college is unnecessarily narrow, lacking the breadth so characteristic of its science and literature. This belief is often strong enough to influence fathers against sending their sons, and teachers their pupils, to Dartmouth. How much longer must the present policy of exclusion be continued before the college will be compelled to give up its work altogether from lack of patrons and endowment?

Is it not well for the trustees to bethink themselves in time of trying the plan of having leading divines from the various denominations officiate in turn at the college church, thus putting the whole matter of religion upon a broad and liberal foundation? Cornell and Harvard have both adopted this plan, and with most successful results. It is found that attendance upon college services has become much more general, and that a very marked improvement has taken place in the general moral tone of the colleges. An earnest and interested attention has taken the place of the listlessness so characteristic of a student congregation. Nor do the students confine themselves to being good listeners at church. An added interest is shown in the prayer-meetings and the Sunday-school work; and something akin to a revival of religious enthusiasm has come about. Are we not right in believing that similar results would follow the adoption of a similar system at Dartmouth?

Wm. P. Fowler.

BY THE WAY.

How well I remember the well thumbed *Life of Washington*, which it was my delight to haul from the bookcase on rainy days ! I can still see the pictures of the redcoats in their high cockades, and the Continentals in their uniforms of blue and triangular hats. I remember one picture was the burial of the soldiers at night, by the light of torches, in the heart of the forest ; another, Washington crossing the Delaware amid floating ice, on that memorable night when, with ranks thinned by desertions and treachery of jealous officers, he, by means of a forced march, flanked Cornwallis, defeating his reinforcements while that worthy general was dreaming of the death-blow he would give the upstart rebels in the morning. Another picture was of Mrs. Lindley Murray, who, knowing the temper of the English commander, sent a servant to invite him and his staff to stop and take lunch, and entertained them so gracefully for two hours that Putnam hastened up the Hudson with his four thousand troops, and escaped the trap that had been planned for him. The winter at Valley Forge and the surrender of Cornwallis were other favorites of mine in this continental gallery.

It is justly said that our attention is too much riveted upon the victor at Yorktown, and too little upon the man who presided at that turbulent convention which met in Philadelphia, and after a four months session with closed doors submitted the result of their debates, which had been sometimes stormy, even violent ; the man who, when the chance of union tottered in the balance, threw all the weight of his pure and mighty influence upon the side of a stronger centralized government, and who, during its ratification by the states, stood with all his loftiness of character for its adoption ; and finally, when he had been chosen unanimously by the convention to lead the country in the first years of

the new government, we see in him the same moderateness of temper and fixity of determination that marked the victor of Trenton.

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In these days of gigantic enterprises and feverish competition, when we are slicing through isthmuses with ship canals, when the wheat of our western prairies is so great in quantity, and transportation so low that it can be carried two thousand miles by land, three thousand by water, and put in successful competition with the same products in the markets of the world; in this day of natural gas, of torpedo boats, and of the electric motor, when inventions multiply every hour, when millions of capital are launched in enterprises, when in our own country four new states have recently been cut from a territory where growing wealth and increasing immigration give promise of unparalleled prosperity in the near future,—in the midst of all these evidences of a growth and development never before equalled, and in our own haste to be rich, we are prone to belittle, or to forget entirely, the extent of the services of those to whom we owe our existence as a nation. We rejoice in our own strength to-day. We have come to believe that the veneration with which the names of these founders are mentioned is not more than half deserved, that to revere them is rather an “amiable eccentricity” than a duty, and that the halo of glory that surrounds them must surely fade in time.

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On the 30th of this month loyal citizens throughout our land will take part in the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States. There should be a general thanksgiving that in our struggling infancy, when the thirteen colonies dared not dream of an expansion such as we present to-day, in the hour of need and the day of trial, there appeared this pure and lofty soul, burning with patriotism, then to lead us, and to-day to stand forth as a model of political integrity and patriotic zeal.

We must step out of the heated atmosphere of to-day into that of

the time when people were unable to picture to themselves what liberty meant, when through fear men opposed whatever betokened change, when local interests clashed in every reform proposed, when it could be most truly said that they were times that tried men's souls ;—we must surround ourselves with these events if we would appreciate the situation of those who ushered in our present system of government a century ago.

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I cannot forbear quoting that familiar tribute paid to our great commander by the warm-hearted Thackeray in his *Virginians* :

“What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistence against fortune ! Calm in the midst of conspiracy ; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back ; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags ; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive ; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement,—here indeed is a character to admire, a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.”

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Is it sentiment, joy, or pride, that with moist eyes we read how on that April morning, a century ago, there stepped from the doors of Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, a stalwart figure, “and as the hero appeared thousands of cocked hats were waved, while ladies fluttered their white handkerchiefs ? For a moment all were hushed in deepest silence, while the Secretary of State held forth the Bible upon a velvet cushion and Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office. Then, before Washington had yet raised his head, Livingston shouted, and from all the vast company came answering shouts, ‘Long live George Washington, President of the United States !’”

It seems to me that no other habit in college life has grown to be so pernicious as that of indiscriminate praise. We form a kind of mutual admiration society, in which one is afraid to demur from the general body for fear of retaliation being visited upon him. That which I have particularly marked of late might almost be called gush of a very pronounced kind. After having acquitted himself creditably, nothing so unfits one for work or so paralyzes effort as to be pampered and flattered beyond all due merit by admiring friends. Few are proof against such opiate, which makes one insensible to his own imperfections, and conscious only of the exaggerated proportions which sober judgment would tell him were distorted. In whatever enterprise we engage, the judgment of our friends as to our success or failure is least of all to be trusted, partly because of prejudice and partly because of incompetency to judge fairly. And when, as I am sure we often find it, it is reduced to a systematic exchange of courtesies, it is time for us to sober our enthusiasm and applaud more considerately. It is pleasant while it lasts, but, like every artificial stimulus, it awakens an appetite which grows with amazing swiftness, and which makes its victims the most uncompanionable beings in the world. "One lively foe is a better tonic than a score of phlegmatic or enthusiastic friends. A man could afford to keep one or two of them on good pay. They will show him his failings under a powerful lense, though it may be a chromatic and eccentric—a burning lense that makes a hot spot, but not a consuming fire."

Nothing is so repulsive to good taste as this nauseating drivel of over-praise. If a man have a pleasing talent for declamation, and entertains us, he is sure to be praised beyond all due; if he be a clever versifier, the same result follows; if he pay his debts, some enthusiastic friend will declare him a great financier, the budding secretary of the treasury.

What we want is to have this sickly and unnatural tendency, this praise-dropsy, checked and lifted into a more healthful state.

Although "The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise," it is to the love of a just and discriminating praise, one that carries with it authority, and not to a lavish and indiscriminate flattery.

THISTLE-DOWN.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

I thought that when I asked my love
If she my wife would be,
Her sparkling eyes and modest glance
Would give the "Yes" to me;
And then we'd seal it with a kiss,
(That good, old-fashioned way,
Although there's need of stronger bars
Ere love will captive stay)
That next day to my rival I
Might throw a proud "Ah, ha!"—
She did not do it: she appealed
The case to her papa.

Mac.

A PROPOSAL.

O fayrest One, with softe darke Eyes,
And Hayre all raven blacke,
With rosie Lippes, in sweete Surprise,
Smilinge their answer backe,

I'll love Thee whether far or neare,
In Summer, Spring, or Fall;
And, Marry, if you love me, Deare,
Why, saye soe, y^t is all.

C. F. Robinson.

CRAYON BLEU.

Fair Provence is indeed "the land of lute and rose." With King John and his England we associate little beside cowardice and cruelty, and old Spain is the true home of romance and song. We could listen to Irving's weird tales of the Alhambra, and never tire, or pore over the delightful annals of his venerable Agapida with unceasing interest. One glance at the mazes of pattern and wealth of color which are reproduced in plates of the Alhambra awakens our curiosity to know more of its builders and defenders; an hour with Irving, and we are delighted; a half-hour with Moorish ballads, and our enthusiasm knows no bounds. One of the most interesting portions of a nation's literature is its ballads. They are the simple expression of the spirit of their time. They are popular, and therefore of the greatest significance. They often come down to us from the shadowed years, burdened with romance and adventure, to tell us that long ago fidelity and heroism were prized as highly as with us to-day.

Among the most charming of all ballads, excepting the English, are those connected with the names of Bernardo del Carpio and the Cid, or with the struggle for supremacy between the Christians and Moors in Spain. All the grace and glory of courts and princes, the grimness of external wars and internal feuds, together with a touch of that license which was characteristic of the age and people, are here. And if imagination will picture the environment in which these old stories were sung and told, we know of no more delightful way of spending a leisure hour than among these simple verses, which have just been set out in so beautiful a dress by the Messrs. Putnam. Mr. Lockhart selected and translated a little more than fifty of the hundreds of early Spanish ballads, and prefaced each with a short sketch of the events which it describes, dividing them into the classes, Historical, Moorish, and Romantic.

"Knickerbocker Nuggets" is destined to become a synonym for perfection in dainty book-making, and *Spanish Ballads*¹ is the gem of the series. Lang must add another name to the "Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs," of his *Ballade of the Book-Hunter*. Size, shape, illustrations, richness of paper, and elegance of type combine with the delicious subject-matter to make *Spanish Ballads* a beautiful book.

Another of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," hardly less beautiful than the *Spanish Ballads*, is *Aesop's Fables*.² One never tires of re-reading Aesop. His homely stories illustrate some new phase of our experience every time we run them over. We find ourselves in them, and therefore they seem destined to live as long as men work, succeed, and fail. They are sharp, vigorous, wholesome. There is no better illustration of the distinction between sincere and effective preaching of manly, honest things, and a foolish moral prat-

¹ *Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic*. Translated by J. G. Lockhart. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. In "Knickerbocker Nuggets." \$1.50.

² *Aesop's Fables*, Chiefly from Original Sources, by Rev. Thomas James. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

ing, than are the fables of Aesop. Add to this the strange life and tragic death of this father of fable, and we have a strong testimony to the vitality of truth over the power alike of jealous Delphians and remorseless Time. The volume is completely indexed and illustrated, and is the most desirable edition of Aesop we have ever seen.

Mediaeval France¹ has conceded preëminence as a land of romance and romantic deeds. There was the home of the Chanson writers and the Troubadours; there feudalism and chivalry attained their greatest splendor and influence; and there the Crusades obtained their chief support and left their deepest impressions. With this in mind, we look for something more in this "Story" of Mediaeval France than in the histories of other lands and other times. We expect to find a little of the romance running through it, and coming to the surface here and there, to lend an extra charm and readableness. Perhaps we look for too much of this; at any rate, we are disappointed. Facts after facts come in their places—some sheer, with almost no setting. At first we are also a little disappointed that the story does not begin with the reign of Charlemagne, though the author may be technically right in his explanation. Beginning with the Capetian Dynasty, he covers five centuries, showing the gradual growth of the royal power over that of the invading lords, the influences which led to the Crusades, and the reflex influences of the Crusades upon the literature of the times, and in helping to overthrow the feudal system and extend commerce, and then the long struggle with England in the Hundred Years War to the close of the reign of Louis XII. The chapters on the reigns of Saint Louis and Louis XI are the most pleasing. He often turns to read the story of progress in the "social life in the development of commerce, industry, literature, and the fine arts," as he promises in the preface; and these digressions from "the record of the battlefield, and the details of the treaties of peace," form the most interesting pages. The work covers a wide field, and is, on the whole, an admirable addition to the series. The illustrations are poor, but the maps and tables are valuable. S.

With the name of Joan of Arc so many associations of heroism, tenderness, ingratitude, and catastrophe have, year by year, become connected, that its mere mention is enough to make one expectant. Her story has appealed to many writers, among whom are Schiller and Lamartine. The work of the former is a five-act tragedy, and that of the latter a brief narrative.² As the editor truly says, in his introduction, "Lamartine's Jeanne d'Arc is more the work of a poet and philosopher than that of a matter-of-fact historian." It is simple, swift, and pathetic, like a "story from the Bible," but wonderfully beautiful. He calls her, not unjustly, "the inspired one, the heroine, the saint of French patriotism." Here we have a Frenchman treating a theme which appeals with the force of kindred religious ardor and bravery to his fervid soul. His admiration is contagious, and the tender and reflective mood forms a setting worthy of this sad story preserved from the rough, dark years of the fifteenth century. The edition is carefully printed, and very handy. A vocabulary is added, and idiomatic expressions are explained in foot notes.

It is in a similar spirit that Schiller would have us approach Joan's character. To him she was not the foolish enthusiast, the Devil inspired, or the lunatic. She was, rather, a simple, generous, lofty soul. It is, therefore, with no less admiration and sympathy that

¹ *The Story of Mediaeval France*, by Gustave Masson. "The Story of the Nations." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

² *Jeanne d'Arc*, by A. de Lamartine. Edited by Albert Barrière. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1889. Paper, 30 cents.

he draws her character in this tragedy.¹ Of the play Carlyle says,—“After all objections have been urged, the *Maid of Orleans* will remain one of the very finest of modern dramas. Perhaps, among all Schiller's plays, it is the one which evinces most of that quality denominated *genius*, in the strictest meaning of the word. The spirit of the romantic ages is here imaged forth; but the whole is exalted, embellished, ennobled. It is what the critics call idealized.” The present edition, like all the admirable series of this house, is a successful piece of book-making. The editing is careful and complete.

We think of Lessing as the author of “Nathan the Wise” and “Minna von Barnhelm,” rather than as a fabulist, critic, or theologian. To those who have read that masterpiece, “Nathan der Weise,” a volume bearing the title *Lessings Prosa* will be of interest.² The Fabeln and fragment of the lost Faust contained in the Siebzehnter Literaturbrief are worth the price of the book. The notes are quite copious. The volume itself is handy and attractive, and will be appreciated by lovers of the vigorous, lofty thought of this great German teacher and poet.

The chief difficulty which the average college student finds in taking up the study of Analytic Geometry is one of method. He does not see the distinctive application of the analytic as manifested in the use of the equation. This difficulty is well met by Professor Hardy in his new work.³ Following the discussion of the straight line, the student is given an admirable drill in working many of the usual geometric demonstrations by the new method. Rectangular, oblique, and polar axes receive each their proper place, and the difference in their respective uses is well shown by numerous examples. R.

Prof. Byerly's work⁴ on the Integral Calculus, of which a new edition will be ready in June, is worthy to take a high rank among modern text-books for exhaustive and special study, although much too extensive for the usual time allowed to the study in the college of arts. The key to the solution of differential equations, and the table of integrals, are especially valuable. R.

It may have been the beauty of the rare March afternoon, when the sunlight was pouring through the west window, that made us return so unwillingly from our ramble across lots⁵ with Horace Lunt. But a genuine flavor of the woods and fields, perfect sympathy with nature even during the moods of a spring day, and closeness of observation were more likely the cause of the charm which we found to lie between the pretty covers of the little book. The sketches are all very simple, and the style is often careless, but there is something about the book that makes one feel the sunshine and rain of spring months, and the mellow distances and untold glories of autumn days. To say that the book is so pleasant that one could easily wish it longer, is no more than it merits, and is, in fact, all

¹ *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, von Schiller. Edited by Benj. W. Wells. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1889.

² *Lessing: Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe*. Edited by Horatio S. White. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

³ *Elements of Analytic Geometry*. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1889. \$1.40.

⁴ *Elements of the Integral Calculus* (second edition, enlarged and revised). By W. E. Byerly, Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1889. \$2.15.

⁵ *Across Lots*. By Horace Lunt. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. \$1.25.

its author desires, according to the expression of his modest preface. *Across Lots* is a thoroughly enjoyable volume.

The second volume of *Scriptures Hebrew and Christian* is the work of Prof. John P. Peters, and is devoted to Hebrew Literature.¹ The plan of this important work is unique. It is an attempt, by a new translation and arrangement, to give Scripture a connected narrative form. In the present volume the history of the Jews is carried from the Exile to Nehemiah, and then, under Hebrew Legislation, Tales, Prophecy, Poetry, and Wisdom, the remainder of the Old Testament is taken up. The translations under Poetry are especially fine, and we notice that the CXIXth Psalm is given in the form of an acrostic. The great value of the volume, aside from that of a careful translation, is the placing of chapters and books in their appropriate classes. The three volumes will form, when completed, a set to be desired by every student of Scripture.

"History of Greek Philosophy"² is a large title for a small volume of three hundred pages. But it is a *solid* book. Beginning with Thales, it carries the history of Greek thought through Neo-Platonism, dividing the subject under three heads—Naturalism, Rationalism, and Supra-Rationalism. The treatment of Aristotle occupies nearly eighty pages. Every sentence is packed full: the book is a model of conciseness. There are constant references to larger works, or the writings of the philosophers themselves. An ideal reference-book for the student of philosophy.

The phases of educational study are defined by W. H. Payne, in his translation of Compayré's *Pedagogy*³ as practical, theoretical, and historical, corresponding to those of Ethics, if memory serves us correctly. It is under the last class that this book falls. Without doubt an acquaintance with the historical side of his profession is a necessity in these days to the pedagogue who would be thoroughly equipped. This work is exhaustive, gathered, necessarily, from all sources, being a history, not of education, but of pedagogy. With a knowledge of what pedagogy has been, theories as to what it should be may be more carefully formulated, and practical work conformed thereto. The book seems to us one of the most important which a young teacher could purchase if he intends to make the most complete preparation possible for his work.

The attitude of the educated man toward politics is of vital importance. In a discussion of this topic,⁴ Mr. Storey draws a picture of the undesirable phases of political life, and closes with a strong appeal for a more honest and general participation in politics by the educated man especially. The paper is ably handled, and well worthy the attention of college men.

¹ *Scriptures Hebrew and Christian*. By E. T. Bartlett and John P. Peters. Vol. II. Hebrew Literature. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

² *A Brief History of Greek Philosophy*. By B. C. Burt. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1889.

³ *The History of Pedagogy*. By Gabriel Compayré. Translated by W. H. Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.60.

⁴ *Politics as a Duty and as a Career*. By Moorfield Storey. Questions of the Day, No. LVIII. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. 25 cents.

EXCHANGES.

Much ridicule has been cast upon the so called "school of journalism" at Cornell. Just now an item is going the rounds to the effect that the school has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, in that it failed to meet a test devised by the editor of a New York daily. The article in the *Cornell Magazine* for March, upon "Cornell's New Course in Journalism," throws clear light upon this novel project, and makes it evident that the Cornell idea is not altogether visionary and impractical. Now let the "theoretical" enthusiasts demonstrate that their "practical" fellow-mortals have not all the wisdom as to the best way to attain success in this particular pursuit. The result of the experiment will be awaited with great interest, and sensible men will not be in haste to condemn.

"Intercalary Days" in the same number is a story of little literary merit, though it is not devoid of interest. Its faults are a lack of artistic completeness in the details of the plot, and in one instance, at least, a crudeness of expression which borders on the vulgar. "The Blowing Up of the Mary Rose" can hardly be called a story, though it passes for such. Its historical facts, well grouped and commented upon, make it a readable article. "Pegasus in the Parlor" is a department, the idea of which we should like to see imitated by other monthlies. It seems to be designed for light verse, which is not of the quality to warrant its appearance in the body of the magazine. In this way the stamp of appreciation can be put upon talent for versifying, no matter how slight that talent may be; and thus an encouragement is offered for further effort. The absence of editorial departments seems a serious defect. An improvement in this respect we doubt not will come in course of time, as the *Cornell Magazine* is a recent arrival in the college world of letters, and must soon outgrow its infancy.

The *Yale Lit.* deserves all the praise it receives for its admirable short articles. Many of our exchanges would do well to follow the example of this patriarch among the monthlies. Why fill up with drivelling stories and tedious essays? Study the *Yale Lit.* Its short articles, bright, unaffected, and literary in their finish, make every issue attractive. The mark of naturalness upon each one betokens the reserve power of the writer. No hack-work produced such a sketch as "Walking," in the February number: the simplest and most prosaic of subjects, yet it is so naturally and skilfully handled that one feels almost as refreshed after reading it as if he had just taken the walks described. In marked contrast to the preceding in thought and thought-expression, but impressive, and equally as helpful, though in a different way, is another sketch, "Half-Way Places." Reveries usually are so much idle vaporings, but the gentle pathos and beauty of this one make it almost a prose poem.

The *Williams Lit.* for March contains no striking features, but all the articles are good, with the possible exception of "Undertaker Brown;" and that is not particularly bad, but is, like most short stories which are not witty or humorous, lacking in interest and point. The verse in the number is rather graceful, especially "The Romaunt of the Rose," which has the advantage of a pretty poetic idea.

The *Amherst Lit.* for February has one very long story and the conclusion of another, which we cannot summon up enough energy to read. They may be very good, but we must shift the responsibility of rendering a decision upon some other Exchange editor. The "Sketch-Book" is well filled and interesting. The ideas of our garrulous friend in the "Window-Seat" still flow easily, and his conversation is not so vapid as we should expect under the circumstances; yet we think that a "conversation department" is, after all, a most perilous experiment.

A VESTAL.

She muses while the sunbeams creep
 In slanting piers of light;
 She muses when the shadows sleep
 About the fire at night.

Troops of To-morrows cross her thought
 In happy Junes and Mays,
 And ghosts of dim Septembers fraught
 With kindly yesterdays.

Hers is the Vestal's waiting air,
 The silence sweet and weird:
 More wisdom nestles in her hair
 Than crouched in Nestor's beard.

And all her terms of nights and days
 The world's first dreamings fill,
 She moves among forgotten ways,
 Unvisited and still.

—*Yale Lit.*

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

When Dame Nature first came to her kingdom,
 Her subjects were not all as now;
 The rose then had never a flower,—
 A thicket of thorns was each bough.

'T was the mailed knight without his fair lady;
 'T was the bitter with never a sweet;
 'T was the rock without its moss-cover:
 The rose-nature was all incomplete.

But one morning a lamb in its rambles
 From the rose's green wealth stole a spray,
 And the rose-bush, with jealous thorn-fingers,
 Caught a fragment of wool in repay.

Now it chanced that the nightingale, searching
 For something to weave in her nest,
 Spied the wool in a breath of wind stirring,
 And yet by the sharp fingers pressed.

And the rose made the nightingale promise,
 If she yielded it out of her hand,
 With the sweetest of songs to reward her,
 As soon as she wove the last strand.

Soon the nightingale's task was completed :
 She came her sweet pledge to fulfil,
 And a jubilant spring-song of gladness
 Rippled forth in each silvery trill.

And the rose-bush, thrilled by the music,
 A beautiful change undergoes :
 The thorns burst their adamant prison,
 And lo ! each gives birth to a rose.

—*Williams Lit.*

MY HERITAGE.

I would dwell in stately halls
 Where my fathers dwelt before,—
 But the house where the poor man lived
 Is known to earth no more.
 I would walk the self-same streets
 Where my fathers once were known,—
 But the path which the wanderer trod
 Has no memorial stone.
 But I read the grand old books,
 And dream the grand old dreams,
 Till the beauty of life flashes out
 And illumines my path with its beams.
 These books are the stately halls
 Which my fathers once possessed,
 And the heritage I hold
 Is the dream within my breast !

—*Harvard Monthly.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

Among New Hampshire's representatives at President Harrison's inauguration were ex-Gov. Moody Currier '44, ex-Gov. B. F. Prescott '56, Senator Gilman Marston '37, and Hon. A. T. Batchelder '71, of Keene.

Rev. Cyrus Richardson '65, Hon. Alvin Burleigh '71, and Rev. J. M. Dutton '73, were prominent speakers for the constitutional prohibition amendment in the recent New Hampshire contest.

'32. Professor George Cooke, of Winchester, Mass., died suddenly in Florida, on Saturday, March 11, at the age of 76. He went South the 18th of February for his health, and it was supposed he was improving until the news of his death was received. He was a son of Rev. Phineas Cooke, a prominent minister of New Hampshire, and preached, himself, for twelve years in the Congregational church at North Amherst, Mass. From 1852 to 1858 he was president of the East Tennessee University at Knoxville; and afterwards was at the head of a young ladies' seminary at Yonkers, N. Y., and, later on, of a similar school at Amherst, Mass. For a time Mr. Cooke was in the bond department of the Boston custom-house. He has lived in retirement for several years at Winchester with his daughter, Mrs. Mary Cooke Kingsley. Mrs. Cooke died some four years ago, and Prof. Cooke's only son, Lieut. George Edward Cooke, of the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment, was mortally wounded at Spottsylvania on the 14th of May, 1864, at the point where Hancock made his brilliant charge, in which the lieutenant was participating. Prof. Cooke had a wide circle of friends, who were deeply attached to him, and who admired his characteristics as an excellent scholar and accomplished gentleman. He was secretary of the Winchester Historical Society from its foundation, and accomplished much public service in that capacity. His death was the twenty-eighth in a class of thirty-three. The names not starred are Hon. Charles W. Prentiss, a lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio; Prof. Calvin Tracy, of Lansing, Mich.; Charles Wingate, engaged in insurance business in New York city; and Rev. George W. Wood, D. D., a missionary at Constantinople, Turkey. Among the distinguished dead of this class are Prof. Daniel J. Noyes, D. D., Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, LL. D., and Prof. Stephen Chase, A. M., of Dartmouth; President Amos Brown of People's college, of New York, Attorney-General William C. Clarke of New Hampshire, Prof. John C. Webster of Wheaton college, Major-General Joseph D. Webster, U. S. A., and Hon. Sherburne B. Piper, of Lewiston, N. Y.

'35. A fine bust of the late Rev. Charles Tenney, of Chester, has just been made by George W. Stevens, of Boston.

'35. The sketch of the life and character of the late ex-Congressman Amos Tuck, of Exeter, N. H., recently read before the Maine Historical Society by J. W. Dearborn, M. D., of Parsonsfield, has been published in book form as a fitting memorial. Facing the

title-page is a steel engraving of the deceased; and in an appendix is a fac-simile of the call for a meeting of Independent Democrats, which was held in Exeter on February 22, 1845, when Mr. Tuck and many others supported and adopted a series of resolutions indorsing the course pursued in congress by Hon. John P. Hale in opposition to slavery.

'37. Senator Gilman Marston occupies rooms at the Ebbitt house at Washington. He has resigned his seat in the state legislature. It is said that in the late war his soldiers fairly worshipped Gen. Marston for his personal bravery and care over them. The story is well known of his refusal to allow his men to remain on board an overcrowded transport, even when ordered by a superior officer, for the very good reason that he had "brought that regiment from New Hampshire to fight, not to be drowned"—an action afterward sustained by Gen. Hooker. There are many other stories, such as the one of his literal interpretation of his tyrannical superior's orders to build a dungeon-like guard-house "without so much as a crack in it" (and the guard-house was built of solid logs, without a door or a crack to enter by); and of his walking along the parapet under a terrible fire of shot and shell, that he might inspire a wavering brigade by his own coolness. These and other historical narratives illustrate his superb character as a soldier.

'39. Mr. Joseph F. Dearborn died at his residence in Melrose, Mass., Highlands, on March 15, after a short illness of pneumonia. He graduated at Harvard Law School, and practised in New Bedford several years. His health failing him, he visited Europe about twenty years ago, where he met and married his wife, who survives him. After his return from Europe, he lived in Medford for some time, and had resided in Melrose for about fifteen years. During the latter part of his life he had been engaged in real estate business, and was quite a large owner of real estate in Boston and vicinity. He was also treasurer of the Vermont Slate Company. He had been a constant attendant at the Unitarian church, where his funeral took place on Sunday, March 17. He leaves a widow and an adopted child.

'43. Hon. Harry Bingham, of Littleton, N. H., has gone to Florida for the benefit of his health.

'43. Col. B. P. Cilley, of the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, has presented that organization with a picture of the battalion, taken at the tomb of Washington in 1855.

'43. At a meeting of the Massachusetts Association of New Hampshire Veterans, held in Chapel Hall, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., March 4, Col. Frank S. Fiske, of the Second New Hampshire Volunteers, read a very interesting paper on the "First Bull Run," paying particular attention to the part which his regiment, the only New Hampshire troops engaged took in it. He related that, contrary to general belief, the stampede in that battle was not total, and that many regiments, including his own, stood firm, and were at all times ready to do their duty. He paid a glowing tribute to General Hooker, then on the battlefield as a civilian, and condemned newspaper reporters who wrote highly colored stories of the general rout.

'44. Ex-Congressman Daniel Hall has been appointed judge-advocate of the New Hampshire Grand Army of the Republic.

'46. S. W. Rollins has been judge of probate of Belknap county, N. H., for nearly twenty years. He is the second largest individual tax-payer in the town of Meredith, his home.

'51. Ex-Governor Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, President Harrison's Secretary of War, was born June 1, 1831, in Proctorsville, Vt., a town founded by his grandfather, who was a

captain under Washington. He graduated from the Albany Law School in 1859, and then practised two years in the office of his cousin, Judge Isaac F. Redfield '25, in Boston. He entered the army in June, 1861, as lieutenant in the Third Vermont Volunteers, and in the following October was made major of the Fifth Vermont. In 1862 he became colonel of the Fifteenth Vermont. For a while after leaving the army Col. Proctor practised law in partnership with Colonel, now Judge, Wheelock G. Veazey '59. Since 1869 he has been engaged in the marble industry, and is now president of the Vermont Marble Company, the largest concern of the kind in the country. He was lieutenant-governor of Vermont in 1876, and governor in 1878. He was delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention in 1884, president of the Republican State League in 1888, and chairman of the Vermont delegation at Chicago in 1888, where he cast her eight votes solidly and continuously for Benjamin Harrison.

'52, '57 Med. Coll. Enoch Blanchard, M. D., of Winona, Ill., died suddenly March 10. He was surgeon of the Seventh Vermont Regiment in the Rebellion, serving in the Gulf Department. He was a man of marked ability in the practice of his profession, and possessed of large influence.

'55. Representative Dingley, of Maine, on February 28, presented in congress a memorial adopted by the National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

'57. Corporation Counsel James B. Richardson, of Boston, recently spoke at the Boston Boot and Shoe Club on "The Government of Large Cities." He has recently submitted to the board of aldermen an interesting opinion, to the effect that the board has a legal right to permit the West End Railroad Company to use the overhead system of electricity as a motive power to operate its cars.

'58. Hon. J. W. Fellows, of Manchester, has gone on a trip to the West.

'59. Capt. H. B. Atherton, of Nashua, is an applicant for a consulship.

'59 non-grad. Congressman Cogswell, who is a close friend of President Harrison, was prominent in the inauguration festivities. The Eighth Regiment officers, accompanied by the band, serenaded him, and were cordially received at his house, at 1324 L street, by the general and his wife. Each member of the Salem Flambeau Club and Cadet Band were presented by him to the president on the day after inauguration.

'59. Judge Wheelock G. Veazey has been elected a director of the Howe Scale Company, of Rutland, Vt.

'60. Tuesday, March 12, Rev. Arthur Little, of Dorchester, Mass., spoke in the LIT. lecture course at the College church on "The Religious Elements in the Constitution of the United States." His lecture was intensely interesting, dealing with the sturdy religious faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, and its effect in bringing about religious liberty. He will deliver an oration in Hanover on Memorial Day. He recently spoke before the Boston Y. M. C. A. on "A Young Man's Outfit."

'60. Gen. J. N. Patterson, of Concord, has been appointed private secretary to Senator Marston. He is recommended by the New Hampshire congressional delegation as Fifth Auditor of the Treasury.

'60 Med. Coll. Dr. John G. Ladd, of Pittsfield, N. H., died Monday, March 4, aged 54.

'61. Rev. W. W. Dow, of Portsmouth, N. H., who has been supplying the Congregational church at Tamworth, has received a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Gilmanton.

'61. Mayor George E. Hodgdon, of Portsmouth, N. H., is clerk and treasurer and a director of the new Portsmouth Horse Railroad Company.

'61. Med. Coll. Dr. O. H. Boynton, of Lisbon, N. H., is improving in health at Southern Pines, Georgia.

'61. It is our sad duty to announce the death of one of the finest of Dartmouth's alumni, who was stricken down in the very prime of life, with a most brilliant career open to him in the future. George S. Morris, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan, died at Ann Arbor, Sunday, March 24, of typhoid pneumonia. He was born in Norwich, Vt., in 1840. After graduation he served in the Sixteenth Vermont Regiment in 1862-'63; was a tutor at Dartmouth in 1863-'64, and afterward studied divinity at Union Theological Seminary. He then went to Germany to pursue historical studies. When he was thoroughly acquainted with German modes of thinking, he became enamoured of philosophy, and so passed into the studies that have been the chief glory of his life. In 1870 he accepted the chair of Modern Languages in the University of Michigan, which position he held till 1878. It is a notable fact that Prof. Campbell, then of the University of Minnesota, now of Dartmouth, had just declined the chair which Prof. Morris accepted, and by the association formed a friendship which lasted till Prof. Morris's death, when both men held chairs of philosophy in leading colleges. While in the chair of Modern Languages, he completed his translation of Ueberweg's History of Philosophy, in which he was assisted by Pres. Porter, whose name immediately gave the book great prestige. In 1878 he was appointed Lecturer on Ethics, History, and Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, which position he held till 1881, when he became Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. He published the lectures he prepared for Johns Hopkins under the title of "British Thought and Thinking"—a very fresh and suggestive discussion, containing the most trenchant criticism of Herbert Spencer extant. He also published "Christianity and Philosophy," a work which took shape as a course of lectures delivered at Union Theological Seminary. He has been noted throughout for the able manner in which he meets the current scepticism of the age. Recently he has been editing a series of philosophical classics, published by Griggs & Co., of Chicago. In this work he was associated with such men as Pres. Porter and Prof. Harris, and the volumes issued have been on Hegel, Schelling, Kant, Leibnitz, etc. They are intended for a clear and succinct discussion for the literary world, rather than for philosophical students. Aside from this, he has organized a Philosophical Seminary at Ann Arbor, a number of whose papers have found their way to the public as pamphlets. He was a man of fine susceptibility, modest and assiduous, and had many friends. Lately he had taken deacon's orders in the Episcopal church, and had devoted much time during the past year to religious work. He may be estimated as a very superior man, who by his great merit had gained general recognition in philosophical circles. He attended the quarter centennial of his class at Hanover in 1886, and responded to the toast of '61. As an instructor he was popular, bringing to his work the enthusiasm which always commands success.

'62. State Senator W. E. Johnson, of Woodstock, Vt., and family, have returned from their trip to Florida.

'62. Col. George Farr has been elected president of the Littleton Musical Association.

'62 Med. Coll. Dr. John T. Wedgewood, of Cornish, Me., died May 26 of typhoid pneumonia. His early life was devoted to music, instrumental and vocal, and to teaching the latter for several years. He had a good practice, and had built up a large fortune. He was a member of the state legislature in 1877 and 1888, and had been the nominee of his party for various county offices.

'67 C. S. D. George B. Lane has been elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Nebraska.

'71. E. G. Leach is secretary of the new Fibre Moulding Company, of Concord, N. H. He is also a director and clerk of the New Hampshire Cattle Company, which manages a large cattle interest in the West.

'71 hon. Prof. Robert Fletcher, Ph. D., of the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, has sent to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., a combination model, by which the outline of many forms of truss may be erected so as to exhibit the transmission of the stresses and strains throughout. The work was done in the State College of Agriculture.

'72. Hon. A. S. Batchellor, of the New Hampshire governor's council, made a witty and spirited address at the recent banquet of the White Mountain Travellers' Association in Concord.

'72. A report of the dedication exercises of the Fowler Library Building, in Concord, N. H., has been published in an attractive form by that city.

'73. Rev. J. M. Dutton, of Great Falls, N. H., will be orator on Memorial Day at Lebanon.

'74. Rev. A. F. Newton, of Marlboro', Mass., has just concluded a highly successful series of revival meetings, in which he was assisted by Rev. Arthur Little '60 and Rev. F. E. Clark '73.

'75 C. S. D. Prof. John V. Hazen, of the Chandler School, will accompany Prof. Robert Fletcher '71 hon., of the Thayer School, on his proposed visit to the Paris Exposition. They will sail from New York May 23, returning in about six weeks. The party will consist of engineers, and will probably occupy the full cabin list of a steamer.

'76. Wm. H. Gardiner, of Chicago, class secretary, has published an interesting book of sketches of the members of his class.

'77 Agr. Coll. W. F. Flint, of Winchester, N. H., is writing for the agricultural department at Washington an article on the value of red and yellow pines as timber trees.

'78. Dr. George W. McGregor, of Littleton, N. H., has been chosen president of the White Mountain Medical Society.

'79. At the annual meeting of the Northern Illinois High School Teachers' Association, at Kewanee, Ill., March 22 and 23, C. W. French, of the West Division High School, of Chicago, read a paper on "History in the High School."

'79. At a recent meeting of the New Hampshire Club, Hiram D. Upton, of Manchester, emphasized the fact that the only question voted on in the recent New Hampshire election was the substitution of constitutional for statutory prohibition, and denied that the victory was for free rum.

'80. Thos. Flint, Jr., is a member of the California state senate for a four years term. He represents the counties of San Benito and Monterey. He will be remembered as one who broke many college athletic records.

'82. Rev. Lucien C. Kimball has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church at Canterbury, N. H.

'83. Died, March 1, at Thetford, Vt., Frederick L. Coombs, of Bright's disease. By his college friends, Mr. Coombs will be remembered as one who won distinction on the base-ball diamond, playing centre field and first base. The latter position he played on the champion team of '83. He was also a rusher on the Rugby team. After graduation he taught, as principal of the high school, at Rockford, Ia., for two years, then served as superintendent of schools at Algona, Ia., for one year, and afterwards was principal of an academy at Toulon, Ill. He had written many newspaper articles, and took a prominent part in teachers' institutes. He married Lora M. Dayton, who survives him. His death was very sudden, and till shortly before his last hours he seemed to be improving.

'84. E. E. Hale is resident physician in the Homoeopathic Hospital, East Concord street, Boston.

'84 and '85. Houston and Bouton graduated at Chicago Medical College March 26, 1889. Houston received Ingul's prize of \$100 for best examinations in literature, science, and medicine. Bouton was class historian. Houston goes to Kankakee as assistant physician in the Illinois Eastern Hospital for Insane, and Bouton takes the place of resident physician at the Cook County Hospital, Chicago, April 1.

'84. C. O. Thurston is teaching in the University School for Boys, at Baltimore, Md.

'86. George W. Fowler has been elected a member of the Board of Education in Pembroke, N. H.

'87. Sidney Arthur is in the Cincinnati Law School.

'87. Henry T. Lord remains in the Norwich hotel, Norwich, Vt.

'87. E. P. Noyes is running a four hundred acre farm at Pond Run, Scioto county, Ohio. Orchardng and poultry-raising occupy much of his attention.

'87. Winthrop B. Presby has commenced the practice of law at Goldendale, W. T. Rumor says his first retaining fee was a cool thirty dollars.

'87. It is reported that Alexander Quackenbos, while driving from Boston to Cambridge recently, was thrown from his carriage and received severe contusions about the head, happily not of an extremely dangerous character.

'87. F. E. Winn was in Hanover recently.

'88. J. L. Clark is reported as about to enter a theological seminary in the fall.

'88. W. B. Forbush has been commissioned a missionary to supply the parishes at Post Mills and West Fairlee Centre, Vt., until September.

'88. N. M. Hall has recently taken charge of the editorial department of the *Berkeley Beacon*, of Boston, a monthly, published in the interests of practical Christianity. In the February issue he has an article entitled "Modern Saints," in praise of the city nurses. In a recent number of the *Christian Union* he has an article on "The Church Canvass." He still pursues his regular course at Andover Theological Seminary.

'88. Married, at Bristol, Saturday, March 9, Fred L. Pattee and Miss Anna L. Plumer. Mr. and Mrs. Pattee will stay at Lakewood, N. J., during the spring months.

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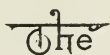
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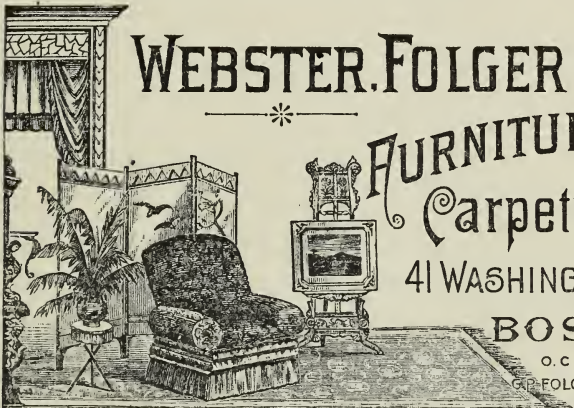
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